

## Daily Eagle

## THE VANQUISHED MAN.

Who speaks of freedom's joy to me  
In accents hoarse and low?  
Ah, let who will, or can, be free;  
I am a slave!

No chains my limbs or body free  
With rust and twine—  
No dungeons walls all round me set,  
And yet I cry:

I bend, I bow, I kneel, I sink,  
I crawl and creep;  
I scarcely ever get a wink  
Of quiet sleep.

Above my breath I dare not speak,  
Upstairs I steal.  
Fearful my shoes might chance to squeak,  
Or door hinges squeal—

You wonder why my manhood bows  
Thus lowly low?  
There's a new baby in the house—  
Now, do you know?

—M. S. Bridges.

## PHANTOM MUSIC.

In order for you to tell this story as it had order  
be told, I am obliged to brag a little and  
mention kinder promises like and not set  
up at all, because gifts is bestowed by Providence  
and we can't help have 'em—that I  
am the musical genius of the family. It isn't  
so awful musical, when you come to inquire,  
as you think by that remark. Ma don't  
know one tune from another, and pa can only  
sing the "Doxology," long meter, and "Yan-  
kee Doodle," but sister Susan plays on the  
second, and brother Nappy gets along  
good on the piano, and Tom can  
play a little on a tin whistle, so that even be-  
fore I took lessons it wasn't impossible for  
our folks to give our evening company a lit-  
tle concert. But they mostly didn't say  
late, and pa he said he had a kinder idea that  
they didn't enjoy the music, though ma used to  
say, anyway they'd feel we'd done all we  
could to entertain 'em, and mortal couldn't  
do more. Anyhow, the instruments I have  
mentioned are kinder old fashioned, and  
was a great improvement when I learned the  
piano.

A lady teacher offered to teach me and  
fetch down her piano for her summer board,  
and that was the way I got my lessons. She  
taught real good and real quick, said she  
didn't see no need of no tireless scales, and  
gave me pieces as soon as I'd learned the  
notes.

By the time she went home I could play  
fifteen different tunes, and pa he went  
straight to town and bought me a piano.  
After that I played 'em to the company  
whenever we had any. And it was mentioned  
in the Smoketown Gazette how "Our es-  
teemed citizen Selma Cropper's youngest  
daughter, Neptany, was an actual musical  
prodigy."

Pa bought up half that week's edition and  
mailed it to friends. So, you see, I was quite  
ahead in my musical education before I  
set Mr. Herman Vandervitch. He was a  
boarder, too, and he was a foreigner, and  
didn't speak good English. He came to  
board with us for the summer, and he chose  
our house instead of the Peters' because we  
had a piano.

"I also read in dot paper," said he, "dot  
your lovely daughter is a musical genius."

"Wal," says pa, "yes, sir, we so consider  
her."

"I am not a chemist," says Mr. Vonder-  
vitch. "I play chess a little, however. It  
will be a pleasure to meet some one who is  
musical."

"That's so," says pa, "you can practice on  
Neptany's piano just as much as you  
like, and no doubt she'll give you a hint now  
and then if you can't catch a tune."

And he seemed tickled to death, and came  
down next Monday with a stack of music  
books that filled up the whole corner of the  
parlor, and a violin in a case. Pa brought  
him in to tea fast off, and says he:

"Folks, this here is Mr. Vandervitch. I  
don't deny he's Dutch, but he can't help that.  
We haven't got no say in where we air born."

I felt kinder glad that Mr. Vandervitch  
didn't appear to understand him, for the rest  
of the boarders seemed to be keepin' their  
selves from sniggering. But they was all  
very polite to Mr. Vandervitch, and so was  
ma; and after tea pa says:

"Neptany, set that Mr. Vandervitch is  
fond of music, though he don't play good  
himself, why don't you give us a song?"

"Oh, pa," says I, "I've got a cold."

"You ain't," says pa.

"Well," says I, "I'm singin' after Mr. Vonder-  
vitch sings himself."

"So," said Mr. Vandervitch. "Oh, well,  
I am but an amateur, but you will pardon  
me."

Then he tried the piano.

"It is a little out of tune," said he.

"Is it?" said pa. "If them piano people  
have sold me an instrument that ain't in  
tune I'll have the law on 'em."

Seemed to me Mr. Vandervitch looked sort  
of curious when he said that, but he lugged  
back his music book and opened it, and said  
he:

"I will not sing; I will play some Chopin."

"Chop away," says pa.

I never heard of Chopin as played before,  
but some of the boarders clapped their hands  
when he got through, and they must have liked  
it, I guess; and then he played another piece.

"Pretty good, young man," said pa, "you'll  
get the tune all right pretty soon. Now, Nep-  
tany, give us another cheer!"

I played one of my best pieces. "Team!"  
very polite for the boarders to go out while I  
was doing it; but Mr. Vandervitch sat quite  
still; and when I got through he said:

"Ach, der teufel! which I supposed was  
high praise in German. So I played him  
some more. After I got through with "Sweet  
Valse," he seemed to be crying, and it was a  
real touching piece, I've often thought. Then  
he sat down and played what I considered his  
sales for about an hour.

Ma didn't think that was polite—I didn't  
either.

Pa, he asked him what it was, and he an-  
swered:

"It is perhaps too classical for everybody."

"Well," says pa, "that's what you've got  
to do in your class, playing is the way. I  
expect. Know your own good and your own  
evil."

"My mother was sick three years and  
very low with bronchitis. We feared  
nothing would cure her. One of my  
friends told me about Ayer's Cherry  
Pectoral. She tried it, and it cured her  
cough, and is now well."—T. H. D.  
Chamberlain, Baltimore, Md.

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Set off.  
But ma and me we felt kind of huffy, and  
after that we had enough of his scales, I can  
tell you. I got sick of them, for my part.  
He never played a tune, and he and one of  
the boarders used to talk about some Wag-  
goner or other as if he had something to do  
with it. As for asking me to play—well,  
but ma said we needn't mind that, for it was  
all his jealousy, because I could play pieces  
and he could only do scales. Musical people  
are dreadful jealous. The worst quarrels we  
ever had in Smoketown were between the  
members of the church choir. I alluded to  
his jealousy therefore, and didn't I do all  
the spiritual things you kin do to a boarder of  
you're a mind to. Brother, he put a sort of  
in his bed one night and a crab another, and  
sister gave him sugar in his individual salt  
collar and salt in his coffee; but little jokes  
like them ain't anything—they cheer folk  
up, especially when it rains and you have to  
stay in on account of the streets. Now and  
then they were real numerous at Smoketown,  
and whatever happened Mr. Vandervitch did  
his scales and never said nuthin'; and one day  
I felt kinder sorry for the poor fellow, for he  
went out for to bathe one afternoon, and  
when we rang the bell for tea he didn't come.  
There was our best bobby about on the  
water and his clothes in it.

"There ain't no use a-talkin'," says pa,  
"he's got drowned."

And I began to cry, and such of the board-  
ers as had'n't got off they took on too.

"Such a nice young man!" says one.

"Well," says pa, "nice is all very well, but  
as to genius, he must have been five or six  
and twenty and hadn't come to times yet, be  
he alive or be dead. That's gospel."

Well, we went to bed that night about as  
low spirited as we could be. I had felt so  
hateful to Mr. Vandervitch that I kinder felt  
it was a judgment, and I was crying about  
him again in the middle of the night, when  
all of a sudden I heard the piano going. The  
house was locked up, the windows all barred,  
but there was Mr. Vandervitch playing away  
at his exercises.

"I guess he has been drowned, after all,"  
said I to myself. "He's got in some-  
how, and I jumped up and put on a wrapper  
and slippers and went tiptoe downstairs to  
take a peep."

The lamp was always left lighted, and the  
parlor door was open, and I could see  
everything just as clear as day, and if you'll  
believe me, there was no one there.

The piano was a-playin' by itself—playin' just  
like Mr. Vandervitch, too.

I turned as cold as ice, and I reckoned I  
should have keeled over of ma and pa and the  
boarders hadn't all come round down. They  
expected to see Mr. Vandervitch, and when  
they saw nobody and heard the piano playin'  
his pieces, they nigh a most went off.

"It's a ghost, and no mistake!" says pa.  
"His ghost!" says ma. "Oh, ain't it mel-  
ancholy!"

"I shall die!" says one of the boarders. "It  
is too awful!" and all of a sudden the piano  
began to play as if it was bewitched. Crash!  
—bang!—smash!

"Wagner!" says the youngest lady boarder,  
and faints away.

Just then the door bell rang. Pa opened  
it, expectin' to see the folks that was search-  
in' for Mr. Vandervitch's body a-fetchin' of  
it, and we all covered our eyes with our  
handkerchiefs, and the piano playin' wilder  
than ever—fairly ringin'—when we heard  
pa say:

"Jesu! Do tell! I want to know!  
You ain't drowned! Hullo, folks! here he  
is alive and kickin'!" and there was Mr. Vonder-  
vitch himself in a coat too big for him  
and trousers too short, and hat that came  
down to his ears. Such a sight!

"And who told you, you boarder?" says pa.  
"We thought you was drowned."

"Well, dot boat got away," says Vonder-  
vitch, "and I must sit upon some rocks until  
a very good fisherman off takes me, like  
Adam before he belief over no need of de  
dialer shop, and I borrow several clothes  
which do not shut fit me, as you see, and home  
come. But vat is dis noise! Some chemist  
de family business was a funeral march, eh?"

"Well, Mr. Vandervitch," said pa, "we do  
not know what to make of it. We have been  
supposed to see your spirit returned fur to  
haunt us. It plays just like you for all the  
world, and Mrs. Chiller, she says it's a Wag-  
goner piece that you are fond of."

"Ah, miss Gott!" cried Mr. Vandervitch,  
"Can dis be hostile!"

"It was excessive," said pa, "but now I'll  
kinder investigate. Why, the cussed thing is  
locked!"

Then he turned the key and lifted up the  
cover, and out jumped our black kitten. We  
found out afterward that Tom had put him  
there to scare Mr. Vandervitch and forgot  
him, and the poor thing had been having fits  
on the key board.

"There's your ghost," says pa; "but it was  
just like you playing every one of your  
pieces."

"So," says Mr. Vandervitch, "this is how to  
you sound even I make my humble effort to  
re-act Vagner!"

"Precisely," says pa.

Then I kinder felt sorry for the poor young  
man. He folded his arms and he looked up  
to the sky, and says he:

"Of von ting I am certain. Ve are not, in  
respect to music, soul attitudes, de besle of  
Smoketown me myself. It is beaser I go."

He went next day, and when I speak of  
him I often say:

"He'd have been a real nice young man if  
he had not been so jealous of me being a mu-  
sical genius."—Mary Kyle Dallas in Pula-  
delphia Saturday Night.

What it Would Cost.

Caroline, queen of George II, was  
once moved by a covetousness similar  
to that which incited Ahab to ask Na-  
both for his vineyard adjoining the  
royal palace, that he might make it a  
"garden of herbs."

The queen lived in St. James' pal-  
ace, and she was the reigning queen of  
St. James' park, belonging to the pub-  
lic, would make a nice place garden.  
She therefore asked the prime min-  
ister, Sir Robert Walpole, what it  
would cost to shut it up and make it a  
royal garden.

"Oh, a trifle, madame; a trifle," an-  
swered the cynical, shrewd premier.

"A trifle, Sir Robert?" replied the  
queen. "I know better. It will be  
expensive, but I wish you to tell me  
the cost as near as you can guess."

"Why, madame, I believe the whole  
will cost but three crowns," rejoined  
the prime minister, looking her calmly  
in the face.

The queen, seeing that Sir Robert  
meant the three crowns of England,  
Scotland and Ireland, had the tact to  
answer, "Then I will think no more of  
it."—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Crooks Got Mixed.

"Look here, Mr. Higginbottom,"  
said the grocer, by way of a joke to  
the old farmer, "I found this stone,  
which weighs five pounds, in the bot-  
tom of the last crock of butter I bought  
of you."

"Lucy, consarn yer pinter, this is  
your fault!" rejoined the man, as he  
turned to his wife.

"I ain't nether! You handled the  
crocks!"

"But you must hev mixed 'em up  
down cellar!"

"No, I didn't, though the gal prob-  
ably did. She's just that keener."

"Wal, Smith, I'll allow fur it. The  
crocks got mixed. This was the one  
we were goin' to send to the preacher's  
donation party, and I've been horn  
swaggled out of a clean dollar. I orter  
hev put a label on it!"—St. Louis Ko-

A Dearth of Novelty.

"Wanted, a new fur!" is said to be  
the cry. Why not call some of the  
old ones by their right names? That  
would sell them, and the sale's the  
thing, after all. There seems to be  
weeping and wailing for novelty in  
more than one trade. The jewelers as-  
sert that they cannot obtain anything  
actually new, and that last year's  
styles are offered them by the manu-  
facturers, and the stationers bring out  
venerable pattered, and smile calmly  
if one remonstrates. All this means  
that by and by some genius will bring  
out some absurd little trifle, and cap-  
ture everybody with it. The Paris ex-  
position was going to make things  
very lively, but it seems to have pro-  
duced stagnation. Perhaps 1882 will  
average us. By the way, the new fur  
collars, which are as prettily mottled  
as chinchilla, but as lustrous as grebe,  
are made of prepared catkin. They  
are very becoming and elegant, and  
adjust themselves to the figure much  
better than heavier furs.—Boston  
Transcript.

Outdoor Exercise.

Dr. John T. Nagle, of the bureau of vital  
statistics, believes in resting in the open air.  
He said:

For some persons the most beneficial kind  
of rest that they can take would be yachting.  
Others find rest in driving. Rest, like recrea-  
tion, should be taken in a manner that is  
most congenial to the one who wants rest.

You will find a great many persons who are  
very fond of the water, and as soon as their  
day's work is over they make a rush for the  
boat. Some are fond of horseback riding,  
and as soon as their downtown duties for the  
day are ended they will make for their stable  
just as fast as possible, get their horses and  
ride through the park. Others find rest in  
swimming in hammocks and reading a book.  
Some find rest in walking. In fact, anything  
that changes the scene or changes the thoughts  
constitutes a rest, and if a man has sufficient  
control over his mind and his thoughts, so  
that he can put them entirely away from  
him at intervals during the day and give his  
mind and brain a rest, and a chance to gain  
strength, he will derive a great deal of ben-  
efit from so doing.—New York Mail and Ex-  
press.

Preparing for Another Possibility.

"Mamma, I'm sorry I disobeyed you!"  
"I'm glad to know it, Flossie."

"Mamma, I'm dreadful sorry."

"Yes, little dear."

"Mamma, I'm just as sorry as I can be."

"That's enough of 'sorry,' dear. You  
needn't heap it up."

"Well, mamma, maybe some of it will do  
for next time I disobey."—Harper's Young  
People.

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DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE  
FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.

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on a hot stove and we put Jacobs Oil on it.  
It took the pain all out, at once; after putting  
it on 2 or 3 times it was all cured up.

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